Want to go in?

"No. I think I'd rather sit here."

a vacation?"
"Oh, no. I came on definite busi-

him."
"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"What did you say?"

Thousands.'

# Fancy Turns By Samuel Merwin

A Trip Across a Continent in Search of a Pictured Face.

GERALD Tibbin stood at the long studio window staring down into Gramercy Park. It was late afternoon. The rays of a still wintry sun slanted sparingly between the big buildings on Fourth avenue that made canyons of Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, touching with a faint aint of Spring the tall red front of the National Arts Club, on the farther I've used you as an inducement." And pretty women. No more women bears and bright-colored rubber balls.

The balloon man moved to keep warm, and the sallow and to the lattle park, and the smaller walk uptown. East somewhere."

"No good. But we may walk uptown. East somewhere."

"No good. But we may walk uptown. East somewhere."

"No good. But we may walk uptown. East somewhere."

"No Too many people we know. And pretty women. No more of those." He turned mournfully away to find coat and hat. "No more women, Jimmy. Going away tomorrow!"

"Tibby, you're a fool."

"Always was. May try Bermuda. Pretty colored fish there. Fun to paint 'em, maybe." ears and bright-colored rubber balls.

the balloon man moved along outide the fence, moved to keep warm,
is thick cluster of red, yellow and
thue spheres jostling in the breeze.

From somewhere off toward Third
venue came the defiantly gay jangle

the hurdyeardy. The sound brought From somewhere off toward Third avenue came the defiantly gay jangle of a hurdygurdy. The sound brought with it a haunting sense of other Springtimes in the crowded lonely Final."

Well, maybe that all right. You can take a vacation, then come back. No great hurry. Meet the boss tomorrow, and then run off if you like."

"Not going to meet anybody. Final." ity that became an aching nostalgia

He turned back to the table by the door, where the confusion of once-treasured things lay heaped on the paper she, had wrapped them in— books, little tied-up bales of letters, other things. He flingered them over. Then he lighted a cigarette. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.

He heard a step on the stair. It would be Jimmy on his way up to his own rooms. The devil of it was, Jimmy would look in. That fool business of the Derrick-Parmenter people. Jimmy tapped, sure enough. Why not stand motionless, let Jimmy why not stand motionless, let Jimmy hink him out? But hold on; Jimmy'd on street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. They walked silently to Forty-second street and entered the theater. The bracelet, a necklace, an engagementing, each in its jeweler's white box; ther things. He fingered them over.

seyes rested on that tragic heap treasures, wavered over to He-se's framed photograph that was Il on the mantel—the thing had mess—and flually sought his own ome about with such appalling suddenness—and fleally sought his own face. Jimmy was short and had to look up. Blue-eyed and blond, as well, and within 10 years would be fat.

"Oh!" Jimmy's voice, beginning a thought explosively, trailed off into a sympathetic silence. But he was never silent long. "Oh, Tibby, not really?"

"Sure. All off. Why not? Have "Sure. All off. Why not? Have "No. One of those little restaurants."

There's one."

"Thanks. But-

"Conversation no good. All off "No good, Jimmy. Here's a wire."
He selected the yellow paper from a
collection of letters in his pocket.
"Married?"

come on, we'll burn 'em.
hand."

stood watching the last of the
burn. Tibbin put the photoon top of the heap, silver
and all.

"Well—thinking "
"What in—what younger sister?"
"In the picture."
"Oh! That one!"
"Sure. Remarkable hands. Appealing little curve to her forehead.
Straight nose. Moved beautifully. Yesterday-in New York. Met a ive a hand." They stood watching the last of the etters burn. Tibbin put the photograph on top of the heap, silver rame and all.

"Don't know but what I looked in "Don't know but what I looked in at a good time, Tibby. We've landed the Derrick-Parmenter account. Going to be one of the biggest campaigns in the field of national advertising this year and next. They've appropriated two hundred thousand. Just like that! No end of pictorial work, and everything to pass under your eye—typography, decoration, pictures, everything. A hundred and fifty a week to start with."

Straight nose. Mon Breeding. Unusual." They didn't give he "I didn't notice." "Wonder who she will haven't a notion, Tibby tapped on the typography, decoration, pictures, everything. A hundred and fifty a week to start with."

man thinks it's Spring. Spring! Hah! Funny!" But good heavens. Tibby

Jimmy was nonplussed. "But you'll want to draw some money. I can fix

that."
"Don't need money." Tibby laughof shortly, and took the necklace from its box, and then the ring. "Sell these fool things. Come along."

hy not stand mout? But hold on; Jimmy'd y the door and find it locked. That ould be strange, for he never remembered to lock his door. Could red-blooded men, the inevitable fight between two red-blooded men, the inevitable doll-like beauty trapped in a hut and compelled to fight off the clawing advances of a desperate villian, while compelled to fight off the clawing advances of a desperate villian, while urned to open. Jimmy did look surrised. Naturally. "Locked in, you ld stiff!" Even commented. Then is eyes rested on that tragic heap is eyes rested on that tragic heap.

"Good: We'll have wheat cakes.
"No food for me. Just coffee. Don't ever want to sleep again. Queer

thing. Jimmy!"
The girl in white took their orders.
"Now, what's queer. Tibby?"
"Oh, don't know as I'll—you'll call "I thought you had something

Breeding. Unusual."
Jimmy stared.
"They didn't give her name."
"I didn't notice."
"Wonder who she was?"
"I haven't a notion, old dear."
Tibby tapped on the marble table top with thin, quick fingers.
"You'll say I'm a darn fool, Jimmy. I am."

pictures, everything. A minimum of the fifty a week to start with."

"No good, Jimmy." Tibbin moved back to the window. "That balloon cakes were good. Jimmy ate heartily. "You're disgusting," said Tibby.

"You're disgusting," said Tibby.

"But happy. Look here, old thing, I've been thinking. This is Monday. There's a boat to Bermuda, Wednesday. I can get you a reservation through the office."

what for?"
"That little girl," explained Tibby,
patiently. "You see—"
"But what can you do about her?"
"She oughtn't to be in pictures."
"But you don't even know her

"I know who made the picture. It's new. She must be there."

"But I thought——"
"Never think, Jimmy. I've decided to marry her."

Now Jimmy laid down his knife and fork and stared.

"Caught on the rebound, eh? And caught good."
"That's inelegant."

"That's inelegant." "You're a nut. Plumb crazy."
"I'm going to mary her." So it was

car with a demurely conspicuous sense of greatness. In other com-partments camera men and scenario partments camera men and scenario writers play poker. Globe trotters, invalids and Western realtors meet and speak. In the club smoking car men exchange cigars and tell stories. In the observation car at the other end of the train parents confide regarding their children, and young people flirt.

But the languid, dangling young man smoked his own cigarettes in utter

But the languid, danging years smoked his own cigarettes in utter detachment and spoke to no one. He sat alone, sketching in pencil on a pad—alway: the head of a delicately charming girl, with a straight nose and a finely curving forehead.

Hollywood: A flat valley under abrupt hanging hills. A long and wide avenue. Buildings only two and three stories high. Trolley cars. Crowds of automobiles. A camera man on the curb grinding out a scene man on the curb grinding out a scene when I can see it when my eyes open in the morning. And it's handy when I'm brushing my hair and things." man on the curb grinding out a scene for a comedy, while a fat director in puttees shouted through a megaphone and a few idle boys looked on. Real estate offices. Drug stores. Men's furnishings. Dry goods, Automobile showrooms. Photographers. Shining banks, all glass and mahogany. Great quiet studio inclosures on side streets with scaffolding and tawdry painted scenery rising above tight fences. Long studio buildings with glass roofs on steel frames. with glass roofs on steel frames.

with glass roofs on steel frames. Everywhere glaring sunshining, but a chill in the shaded places. Everywhere quiet and order.

A hotel of Spanish shape, set away from the avenue behind a crescent drive and fat, short palms. A long veranda, all rocking chairs. Old ladies placidly knitting. Young men reading the afternoon papers. Children playing. It might have been lowa. a Spanish-tinged lowa with palms. Extraordinary! Tibby's broken heart quickened with interest. So the wicked Hollywood was a paradox! Fine! He liked paradoxes. And the zest of a quaint and secret game was in him.

liked paradoxes. And the zest of a quaint and secret game was in him. But his face was blank as he signed the register and followed a uniformed Filipino student to his room—a simple room with plainly calcimined walls. Amusing to decorate those walls. The Filipino accepted a quarter and went out. Might as well begin the decorating now. He threw coat and hat on the bed, opened his suit case and rummaged for some crayons. He selected a spot on the wall beside the mirror and nearly opposite the

there the picture was made that had drawn him across a continent. That picture! He had forgotten the name of it. No matter. The cowboys had arrived in time. He watched the picture folk coming out on their way to lunch—striding heroes of empty but haughty mien, trained animals, directors, sinuous, exquisite actresses, child actors, continuity writers, all sorts, swarms of them.

He found that the select lunched at Frank's over on the boulevard, and

"Not going to Bermuda."
"But where are you going, then?"
"Hollywood." In heaven's name, what for?"
"That little girl," explained Tibby, patiently, "You see—"
"But what can you do about her?"
"But you don't even know her name."
"I know who made the picture. It's new. She must be there."
"But thought—"
"But thought—"
"I know who made the picture. It's new. She must be there."
"But thought—"
"But thought—"
"I know who made the picture. It's new. She must be there."
"But thought—"
"The tea led to a little dinner. Luncheons followed at Frank's without mother at Tibby's elbow and pointed out the oped them. And then, on a Sunday strong they drove flatly without mother over the pass to the shore, past a filmsy picture village.
"I was rescued from a ship out there," said Betty. "And nearly caught pneumonia. That was in figure of the girl. Strange how per"Titles are awful."

Tibby bowed before the exquisite slim figure of the girl. Strange how perfectly he seemed to know her—that lovely forehead, the faintly unnappy hazel eyes, the wistful personal quality. She didn't dream that he was going to marry her. Should he tell? Perhaps not just yet. Probably have to fight a bit with mother," he thought. "She's a police dog."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was like Tibby to take the twenty-hour limited to Chicago. He did everything lavishly and with an air. Jimmy informed the office that the erratic genius was not wholly out of touch and secured permission to see him off. The boss sent a neat cigarette case in seal leather with a mured. She leaned nearer like a child the erratic genius was not whoily out of touch and secured permission to see him off. The boss sent a neat eigarette case in seal leather with a gold "T" in a corner. A great advertising man, the boss, with personality and the human touch.

"Are you sure you've got money enough?" Jimmy asked anxiously, at the train gate.

"Never, old thing. But the jewels brought eight hundred and fifty. It'll help." He slapped his pocket, and was gone.

\*\* \*\* \*\*

TENHE Limited to Lee Angeles is a lit.

through the palms at the colored lights of the drug store across the way.

through the palms at the colored lights of the drug store across the way.

Though the palms at the colored lights of the drug store across the way.

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Though the palms at the colored lights of the drug store across the way.

"Of course." Swift's voice broke in on their warm

solitude. "Oh, here you are Tibby." Mother "Oh, here you are Tibby." Mother was with him. "She's a sparrow hawk," thought our wanderer.
"I want to take these folks up to your room," chuckled Swift. "May I?"
"It isn't picked up. Socks and everything."

"Oh, no. I came on dennite business. Have to go back pretty soon."

She glanced up, then down again.
Then shyly she said this: "I spoke to
Mr. Lane about you. Our art director's leaving in April. He said to
ask you to come around and see
him." Betty laughed softly. "Like mine,"

Betty laughed softly. "Like mine" she murmured, at his ear, and then looked demurely toward the drug store. "All right," said Tibby, rising. "Delighted, I'm sure."

So they went up. It's a terrible place," explained Tibby politely as he unlocked the door.

They stood within. Swift, a Cook's guide in spirit, pointed out the delicately crayoned head on the wall. "Why." breathed Betty. "it isn't "I was only thinking," she faitered,
"that it might be sort of nice."
"But you don't like the pictures."
She didn't quite catch the drift of
this. And he, who loathed explanations, explained. "You'll be quitting
it." "How can I? Mother—"
"Oh, the money."
"Of course. They don't pay as big salaries as they did. But it's a good deal even now. And we live so simply. Mother has put a lot away.

"But—" was all Betty could say to that.

The party was breaking up. Swift

and the nonchalant. Tibby saw mother and daughter out to their motor. Tibof the way. He was strong. Betty hesitated, and glanced at mother. "We'd love to have you drop in for tea on Sunday," she said. "How nice! We'll come." said "It's been a pleasure to meet you

Mr.-Tibby Mother glared. "Tibbin," cast

"Tibbin," casually corrected the owner of the name.
"Oh, of course. Mr. Tibbin."

"I don't know. It's a good deal."
"The boss sent me this—at the train." He produced the clgarette

case.
"It's pretty. I'm sort of old-fash-ioned about those things though. I haven't ever smoked."

ut.
"Wonder what."

"You said a funny thing that first evening." It was a relief to get that

"I came out here to marry you." fingers.

What on earth had he said? Or had she dreamed it? And what could

"That you'd known me for central was in the ready preumonia. That was in 'Weak Wives.'"

"Titles are awful."

"Terrible."

"They'drove on to Santa Monica and sat on the crowded beach. The warm sun' glowed on the sand. An airplane swooped and circled overhead. Tibby sketched a slimly pretty bathing girl in a one-piece suit who bathing girl in

she say now?

nead. Tibby sketched a slimly pretty bathing girl in a one-piece suit who was playing ball with an athletic hero. Betty looked on admiringly. "You haven't told me a word about yourself. Tibby."
"Not interesting. Surf diving's fun. Want to go in?" "You shouldn't have been in it."
"Was I as bad as that?"
"No. Too good. Breeding, you know. Thing to do was to take you out of it."

"How could you leave your new job She was digging into the sand with her little hands and molding it into a mound. "It's warm on your hands," she said. And then: "I know you're she said. And then: "I know you're "Your mother wouldn't want you to

she said. And then, an artist."
"Not a real one. Advertising stuff."
"But some of that is fine. The Cubic Tire girl, for instance."
"Suppose that's why she doesn't like me around."

"In one mouning. Comic business."
"I can't make out what you're doing in Hollywood. Hunty Swift says you'll probably work in as art director somewhere."
"Wouldn't dream of it."
She dug deeper into the sand.
"But then why are you here? Just a vacation?"
"Wouldn't dream of it."
She dug deeper into the sand.
"But then why are you here? Just a vacation?"

"But, of course, that's silly."
"Not at all—sense! Why not to-morrow?"
"Oh, I couldn't do anything like that.

"Best for mother. Just a wire "Best for mother. Just a wire.
Then she couldn't worry. Far as I
can see, we're helpless. Fate. That
picture settled my life. Here I am.
Here you are. Well?"

"But—how could I? Such a thing!"

"Mich walt walt.

"Might wait another day. Time t "But-"Lunch tomorrow. Sleep on it' "Of course, I'd enjoy lunch with

"T'll have the ring."
"You musn't talk like this." "Anybody else"

"No, but—Tibby, you simply mustn't kiss me here! What will

mustn't kiss me here! What will people——"
"In the car. Let's go."
"No. Please! I can't have my breath taken away like this."
Tibby sent the following laconic night message: "Job still open Jimmy?" At eleven in the morning he had the answer: "Sure." To which he replied: "We're coming East. Wire money at one."
Betty went to lunch a little angry and much confused. Her idea was to explain the impossibility of so wild "What did you say?"
"Nothing."
"Mother thinks she can tie me up for five years more with Gorky-Lane. My contract's up with them the end of this month. We finished my last picture yesterday."
"I have a new job in New York."
She glanced up again.
"It's with a big advertising firm handling a two-hundred-thousand-dollar account. Art director. Pretty

dollar account. Art director. Pretty interesting. Two hundred thousand dollars doesn't sound like much out here—especially when you don't get it yourself." to explain the impossibility of so wild a step, while expressing timidly the hope that they might remain friends. Before 2 o'clock, however, she had agreed to leave on the limited the next day. But on that day she met him forlornly with: "Tibby, I can't. I'm all mixed up. But I simply can't. could never have got my things out of the house. Mother'd never let of the house. are the tickets. And I've

arranged the wedding. Tell you what, buy a suitcase and some things

They did that.

She was a different car every week, shut. The lines and planes of the face were as clear in his mind's eye as if she stood before him.

He wandered, a solitary figure, about Hollywood. Noons he stood utified the Gorky-Lane Studio for them the picture was made that had drawn him across a continent. That picture! He had forgotten the name of it. No matter. The cowboys had arrived in time. He watched the picture! He had forgotten the name of it. No matter. The cowboys had arrived in time. He watched the picture followed. No matter the care were was made that had frawn him across a continent. That picture! He had forgotten the name of it. No matter. The cowboys had arrived in time. He watched the picture followed in them, we never had any quarrel there were in the way one color, arrived in time. He watched the picture followed in them, we never had any quarrel solution to name of it. No matter. The cowboys had then were in the way to start he was to cranked, one pushed, one steered. The doors but him to name of the way when the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them.

She was a different car every week, which led her should be and the week weights with the name of the picture and the picture of course, which the name of the picture follows. The first was the famous Tiara of some cark at the base of a church steeple. He measured the crack when the name of the way knew she couldn't last much longer, and weld if the name of the week with the name of the way when the name of the name of the picture of the pictur



Betty, "he did it. What was the picture—er—Mr. \_\_\_\_\_?"
"Jimmy." I've got to know that."
"'Hickory Heart.' With Bill Ham-"Of course," repeated the beaming Tibby. "'Hickory Heart.' Funny I couldn't remember. But I remem-bered you."

"That was Alice Daniels. We do look alike. But—how awful!"
"Quite all right!" said Tibby,
promptly and cheerfully. "Quite all right! We don't like the picture -Tibby!

# Artist Had Weapon Against Fake Sales

PARIS. December 12.

THE new Paris lawsuit which the American press has reported about fake art sales to museums and rich collectors has brought up the old question, "Are these torged antiques and art copies which are sold for genuine so very common, after all?"

Just as I was beginning to interest myself in such things, 30 years ago, an immense love and great erudition.

Betty's brow puckered. Her eyes "What is it, dear?"
Her under lip quivered. "Tibby—
it's awful!"

We must not exaggerate and get so afraid of fakes as to refuse to buy the genuine originals for fear of being taken in. Just so long as antiquities and art works sell for big money there will be a market for clever forgeries. In this new lawsuit the Louvre Museum itself has been lossed as an occasional victim of clever forgeries with the fake incosted as an occasional victim of

but haughty mien, trained animals, directors, sinuous, exquisite actresses, child actors, continuity writers, all sorts, swarms of them.

He found that the select lunched at Frank's over on the boulevard, and went there. They crowded in there—but is and went rolling quietly down the gave her baths in oil, so she'd run costume and make-up. There was chatter and banter and visiting from table to table. But she never appeared.

A young man opened conversation late one afternoon on the hotel veranda. The man lent him a paper.

The doors were in the way when the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and decoration can make year years and the pendicular rock cliff.

A pPLE trees planted near a perpendicular rock cliff at Cash-meter were pendicular rock cliff at Cash-meter were pendicular rock cliff.

A pound in the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and decoration can were the pendicular rock cliff.

The first suspicion of what was freally a superb example of Greek.

Well, sir, while we were gone. Old were in the pusher and cranker jumped in, so we took them of years and went rolling quietly down the sun and light could not paint the

Just as I was beginning to interest myself in such things, 30 years ago, Anstey's American girl who had bought a delightful old copper pot in Venice gave me a first principle: Well, if it's really old it is worth more, and if it's a new imitation it will last longer—and it's fine, anyway."

We must not exaggerate and get so afraid of fakes as to refuse to buy the genuine originals for fear of be-

posted as an occasional victim of fakes—and not for the first time. I remember two instances which were called to my attention before they became public.

The first was the famous Tiara of the control of the control

Black Sea. It is now the village of Orchako, and the Russian goldsmith who brought it to Paris had his story pat.

A dozen bronze and silver coins of different ages from that place were known to collectors already.

The first suspicion of what was metal decoration came from its very perfection. A colonial artisan some to year ago could not have worked out so many patterns which tare found together, only in art books. It was too fine—and too authentic. The Russian artist who made it was head and shoulders above any Paris worker. A young man who said he was his son came to me afterward to ask about selling his work as cany. ture and it is genuine in each case.

I once bought in paris for a present a pipe and cigarette holder with curiously chased silver stems and was told they were made by peasant artists in Bosnia. Some years afterward, I was in the Alps near a celebrated monastery, which has in its library some beautifully illuminated parchments. A workman in the village persuaded me that some very pretty portfolios, which he had were genuine copies, made by himself, of pretty portfolios, which he had were genuine copies, made by himself, of decorative patterns chosen in the monks' collection. I found later in Vienna lots of such portfolios and the shopkeeper, when I showed my genuine copy, turned back the silk lining and showed me his mark. He added: "It is we who make that Bosnian work of yours also."

In high dudgeon, I went back to my furnisher in Paris and he said: "So the Vienna man told you that. Well.

furnisher in Paris and he said: "So
the Vienna man told you that. Well,
here in my books are his orders for
your medieval portfolios and your
Bosnian pipes. They are all made here
in Paris—and much better."
Everybody remembers the director
of the Berlin Museum who persisted
in his belief that a delicate wax statparts was the capulae product of an

uette was the genuine product of an old master shortly after the year 1500—and then some one extracted from its core a copy of the London Daily Telegraph of a year near 1900. No, Americans are not the only ones. And even fake art is sometimes more soul-building than the genuine. Of course, we should like to have it labeled truly—but the American girl is right.

## Odors of Metals.

EXPERIMENTS have been made to prove that metals have odors composed not of the atoms of the metal but of the products of their chemical changes. At ordinary tem-peratures the odors frequently could peratures the odors frequently could not be detected or were almost imperceptible, but became more pronounced as the metal was heated, and then disappeared after the heating had been continued for a considerable length of time. The experimenters also have succeeded in isolating the oddrous matter. odorous matter.

### 30-Century Tree.

A JUNIPER tree, said to be not less than 3,00c years old and believed to be perhaps the oldest trees of its kind in the world, has been found in the Cache National Forest of Utah. It stands 12 feet high and has a 74-foot diameter near the ground.

# Cigarette Industry He selected a spot on the wall beside the mirror and nearly opposite the head of the bed, and there swiftly sketched the head of that girl. He sketched the head of the sketched Modernizing Egyptian BY JOHN GLEASON O'BRIEN. I trands are now more expensive than

what they consider to be their just demands.

BY JOHN GLEASON O'BRIEN.
Former United States Vice Consul at Rome.

ESULTS of the substitution of machinery for hand labor in the all-important cigarette industry of Egypt seem to prove the exception to the rule that labor-saving devices decrease employment, for available statistics show that the demand has increased five-fold, and employment has advanced.

For several years now there has been continual agitation among exhapped as many cigarettes are being smoked in Egypt as were consumed four or five years as as naturally led to much greater

For several years now there has been continual agitation among exemployes of cigarette factories who have lost their employment through the introduction of modern methods of cigarette manufacture.

As is generally known, the Egyptian cigarette industry has been completely revolutionized during the last few years. With the steady decline in the cigarette export trade to its day's production of 15,000,000 cigarette or 15,000,000 cigaret

of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just demands.

These demands are several, but most important is that the government should impose an annual tax on every cigarette machine and devote the proceeds to the relife of distress among the out-of-work cigarette rollers, whose plight is described in a statement the men's committee has circulated.

One of the leading cigarette manufacturing concerns of Cairo has recently published statistics to throw on the question another light than that in which it is presented by the men.

These figures show that the number of workers employed in rolling cigarettes by hand, before the introduction into the country of cigarette machines, was 1,500, whose average output was 2,000 cigarettes per day per man. Up to the present time 150 machines have been installed in Egypt. Each machine requires four men to work-it, giving a total of 600 men so employed, and in addition there are 200 specialists throughout the country who have been trained in the running and maintenance of the machines. The average daily production, according to this same authority, is now five times as great as it was prior to the introduction of machines. The average daily production, according to this same authority, is now five times as great as it was prior to the introduction of machine manufacture.

The reasons for this increase are not given, though it-would be interesting to know them. It cannot be due to any cheapening in the selling price of cigarettes because of the introduction of machine price of cigarettes because of the introduction of machine price of cigarettes because of the introduction of machine price of cigarettes because of the introduction of machine for the introduction of machine for the introduction of machine manufacture.

The reasons for this increase are not given, though it-would be interesting to know them. It cannot be due to any cheapening in the selling the control of the proposition of the following the proposita one.
What is surprising in these sta

of 3.000,000 cigarettes involved the state of the discharged workers to the notice of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the sale of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the sale of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the sale of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just to the sale of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just the sale of the public and the government, in the hope of securing satisfaction for what they consider to be their just the sale of the public and the government of the sale of the public and the government of the sale of the public and the government of the sale of the sale of the public and the government of the sale of the sal

Car Seeks Romantic Death.

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You never heard of an automobile committing suicide? But then you never heard of Old Sal.

She was a roadster that had been broken down long before we found ther. We saved her, life, because she was just about to be sent to the junk heap. Bud Evans and Spike Muller and I bought her. She cost us all \$20. We earned the money to pay for her and to we were mighty proud of our "bus." Bud did the taking care of her. Bud, you see, is a lot older than Spike and me, and, besides, he had run his father's car, so he was responsible for Old Sal, which is what we named her.

She was a different car every week, we liked variety, so each week we'd nut a sign on her with the name of a like of the state of the put a sign on her with the name of an automobile." Bud it all over. Of course, we hated giving up Old Sal, why we hated giving up Old Sal, where he here are on the committing suicide? But then you never heard of Old sal, which is what we hated giving up Old Sal, which is what we liked variety, so each week we'd an up a sign on her with the name of the provision of the provision of the strangent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent and took them up to the Biltmore for breakfast, an extravalent

